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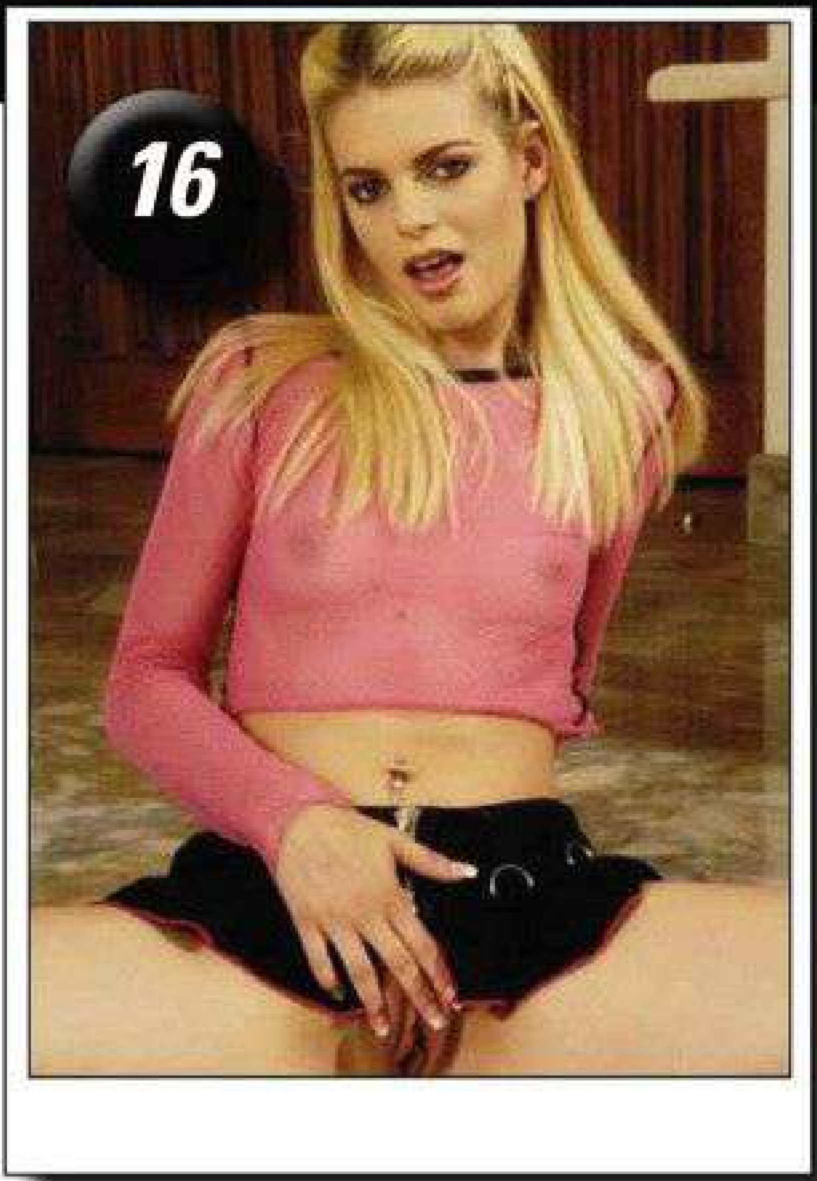
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Erika

Foreign Cunt

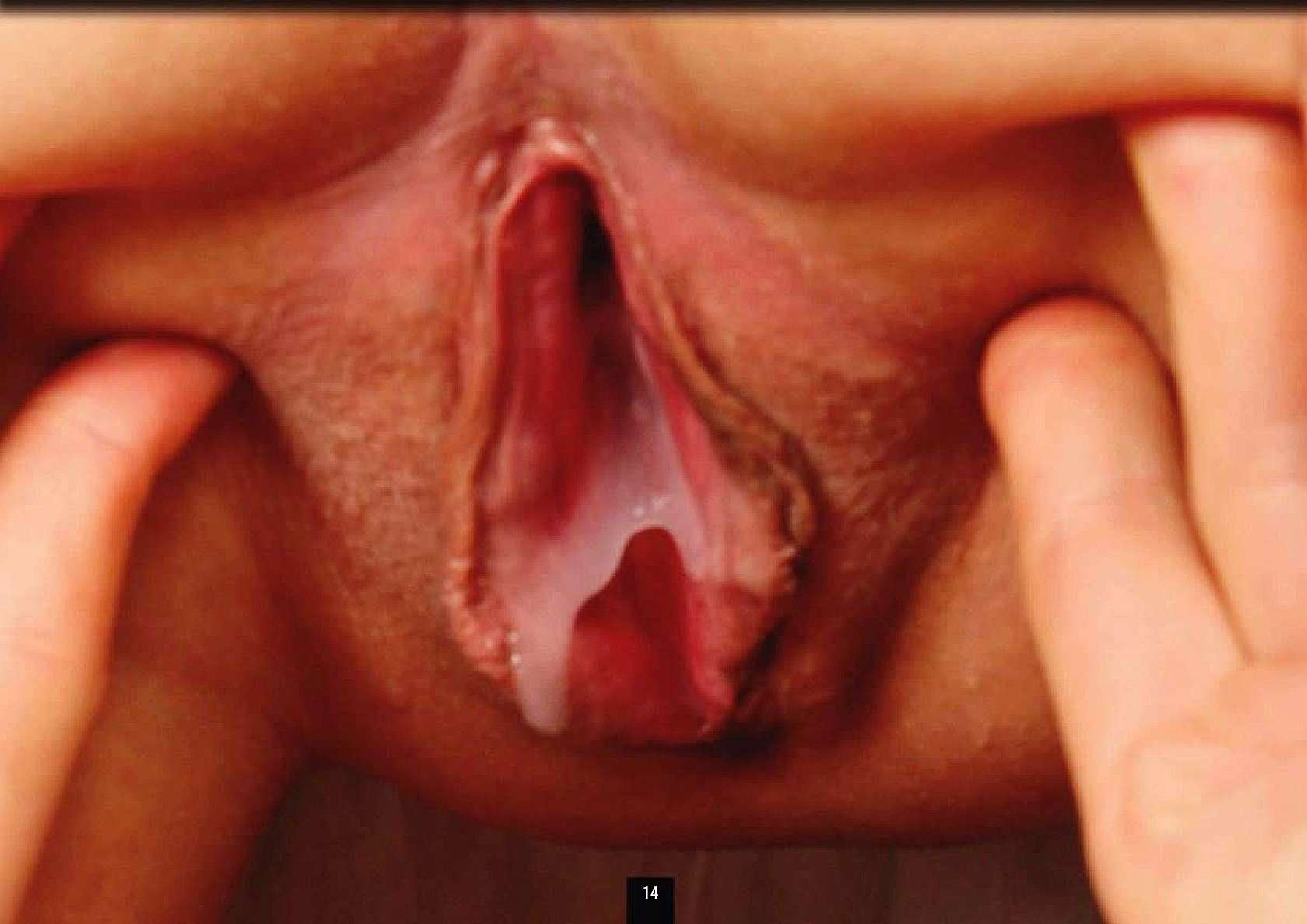
Erika's second marriage hadn't ended the way she had hoped. The first time she married, she ended up tying the knot with an abusive asshole and, unfortunately, the exact same thing happened the second time around. Sick and tired of the men in her country, and also fearing for her safety a bit, she left Eastern Europe on the first flight she could and landed in LA where one of her cousins took her in while she set up her new life. The weather, the lifestyle and the opportunities all suited her just fine. Not to mention the men made her horny as hell with nothing more than one look. She messed around a bit, found a job and was ready to move out of her cousin's place when she hit a roadblock: finding a good apartment that was central and close to her office job and within her budget was proving to be impossible. When she came across a place that was perfect, she vowed not to leave until she had it. But without enough money to pay the rent, what was she going to do?

Telling the landlord about her situation, he immediately had a suggestion on how she could make up for the missing rent each month. One look at her juicy tits and one listen to her sexy thick accent and the landlord's dick was standing high.

Erika thought the American was oozing sex and she had hoped to hump him before the day's end. Getting laid all the time in exchange for rent sounded like the American dream. Erika opened wide.

The young temptress couldn't stop playing with herself as the stud banged her quivering, dripping pussy. The smell of overheated, passionate sex was intoxicating to her.

She rode him like only a real slut could, pushing her DD tits in his face and making him pant as she started swearing in her native tongue.



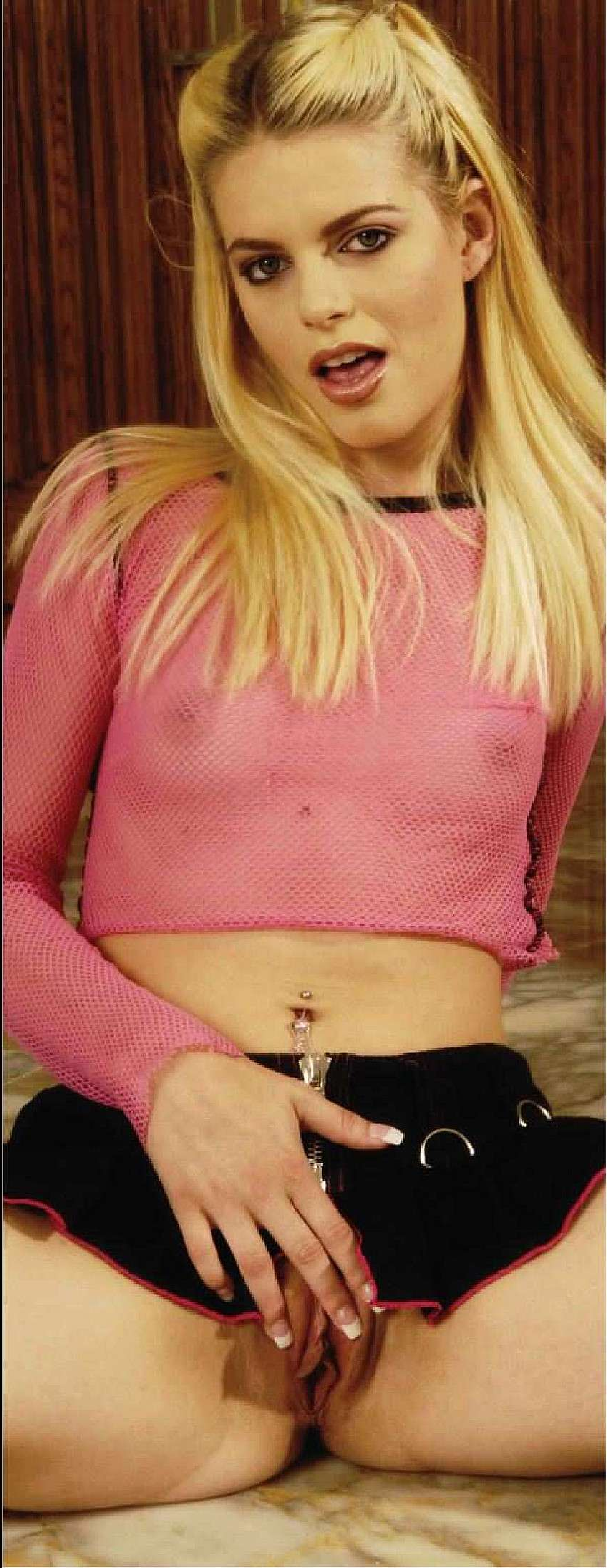
Being creamed drove the slut wild. It's clear she'll need more than the landlord to keep her cunt happy. Will your dick help keep her in check?

888-676-3425

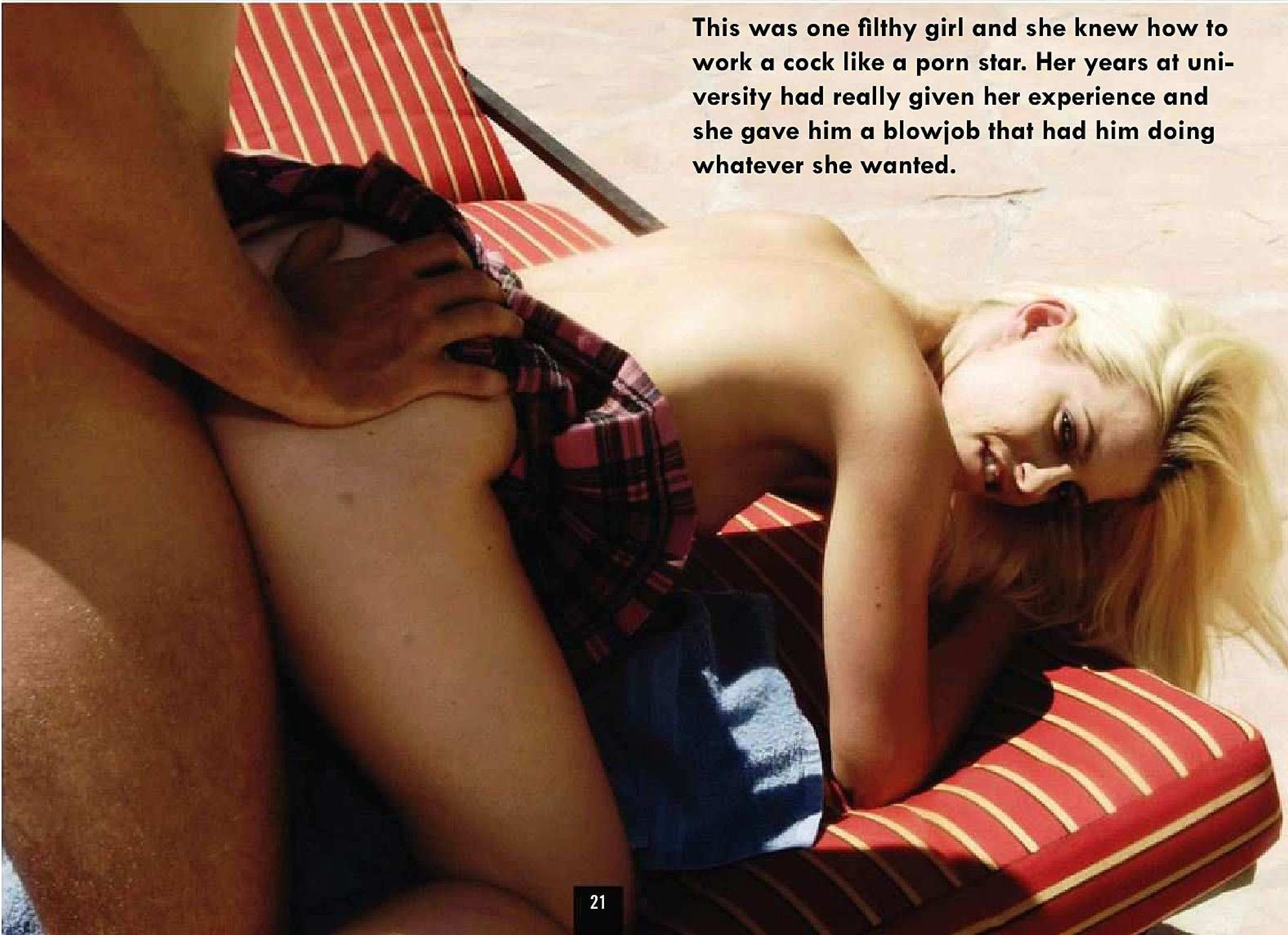
Jessica

Workaholic Slut

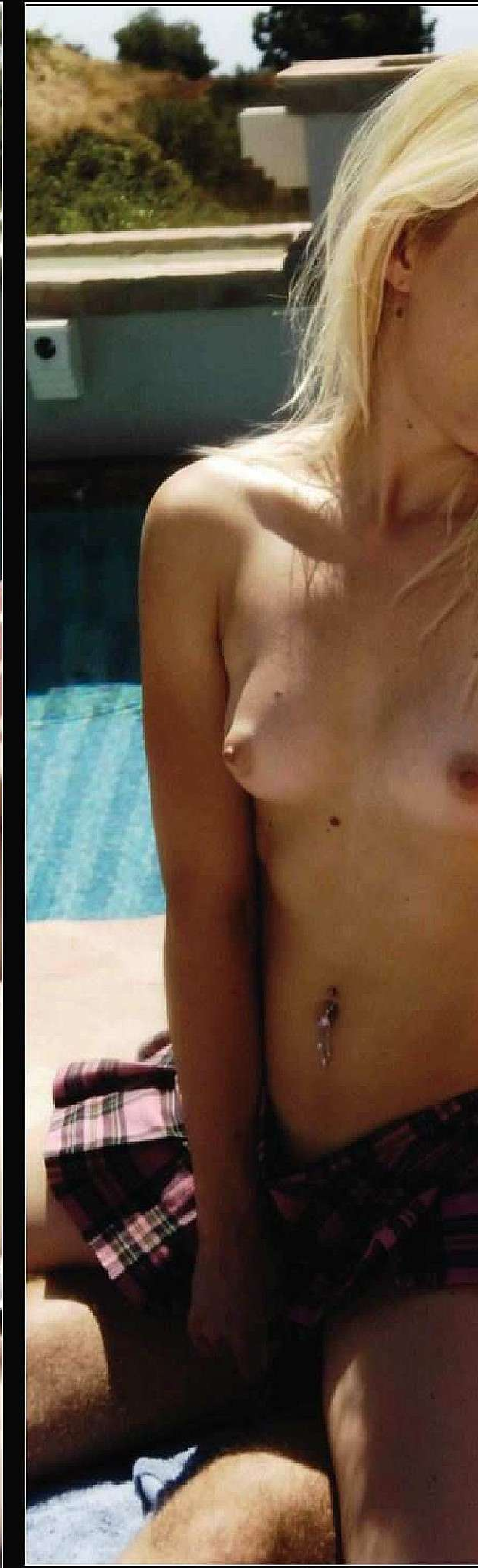
Jessica's work was her life. It always had been and it always would be. She was a strong woman and didn't want to rely on anyone but herself, but with her career always being her top priority, Jessica drove most of the people around her away. First, it was her closest friends who stopped talking to her. She had been fun and wild in her youth but now all she wanted to do was work and get promoted. The latest person to leave her workaholic ass was her husband. She was great in the sack, sure, but she wasn't around for anything else. Jessica knew she never wanted a serious relationship again, but she needed to be fucked, now. Lucky for her, one of her closest colleagues had always made her wet dreams extra wet. He was powerful and sexy and she wanted his meat ramming her tight pussy.



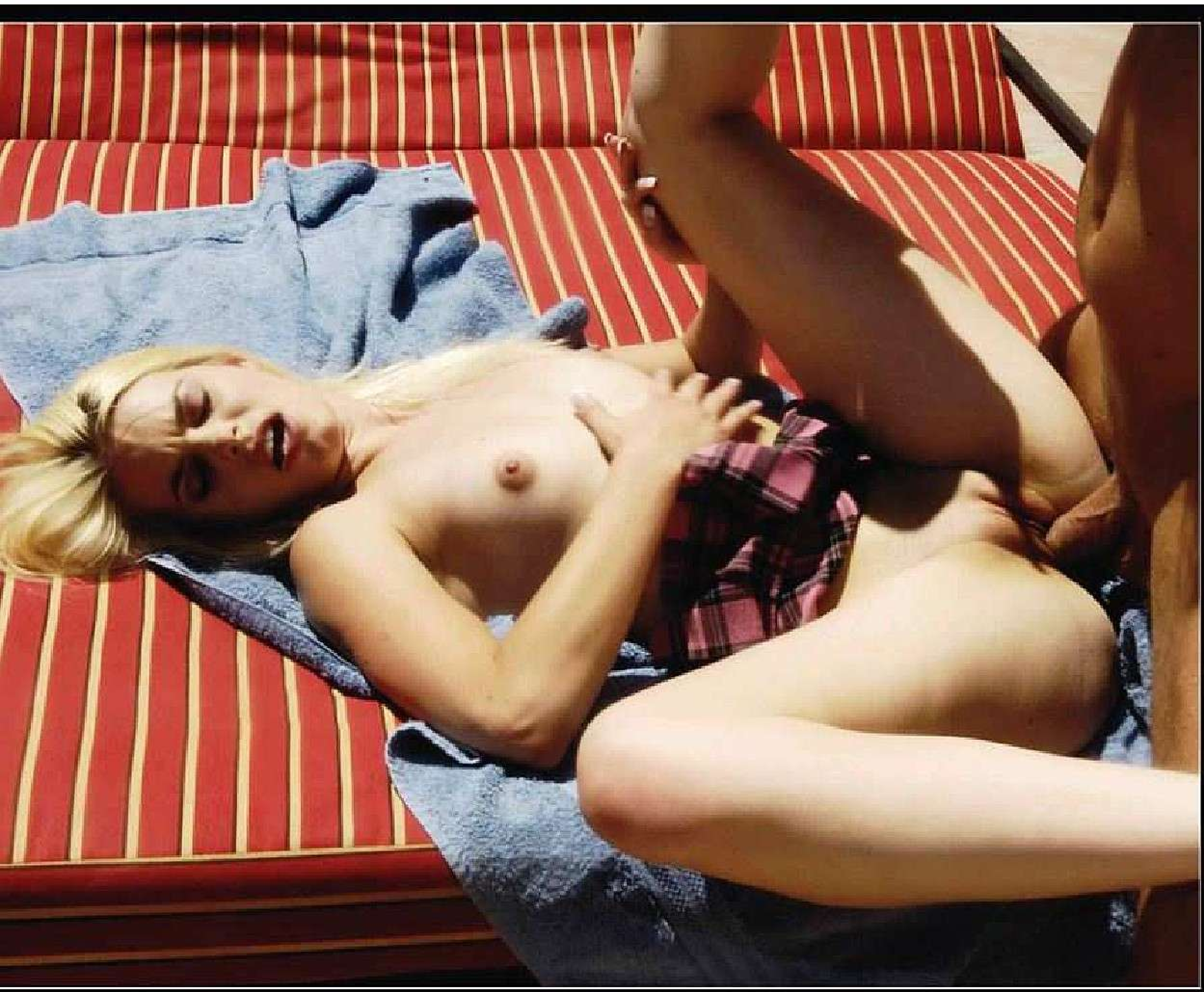
Jessica knew he was married, but she always got what she wanted. Calling him to her house for an emergency business meeting, she met him in the sluttiest outfit she had and started the meeting by showing off her best assets.

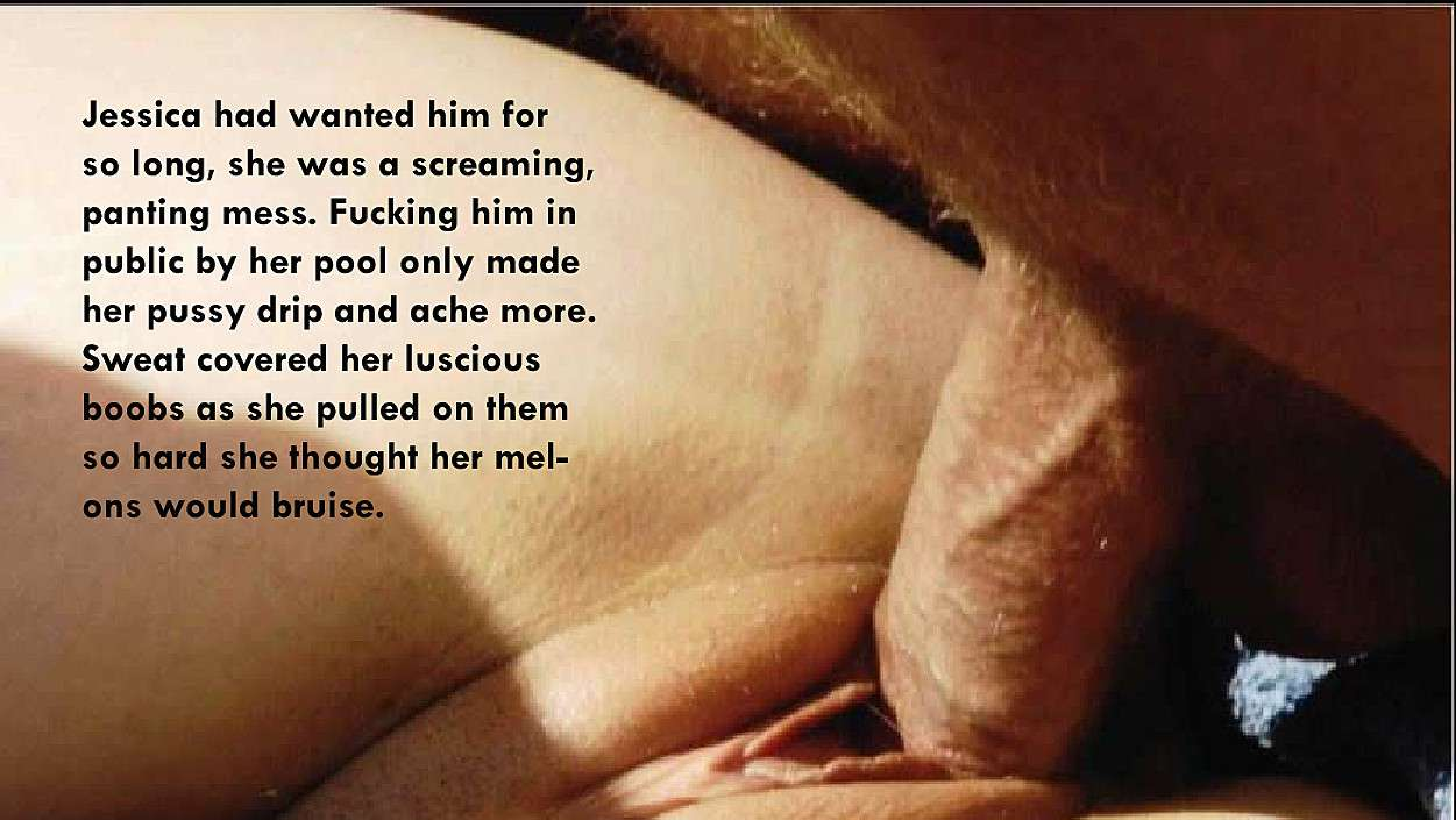


This was one filthy girl and she knew how to work a cock like a porn star. Her years at university had really given her experience and she gave him a blowjob that had him doing whatever she wanted.

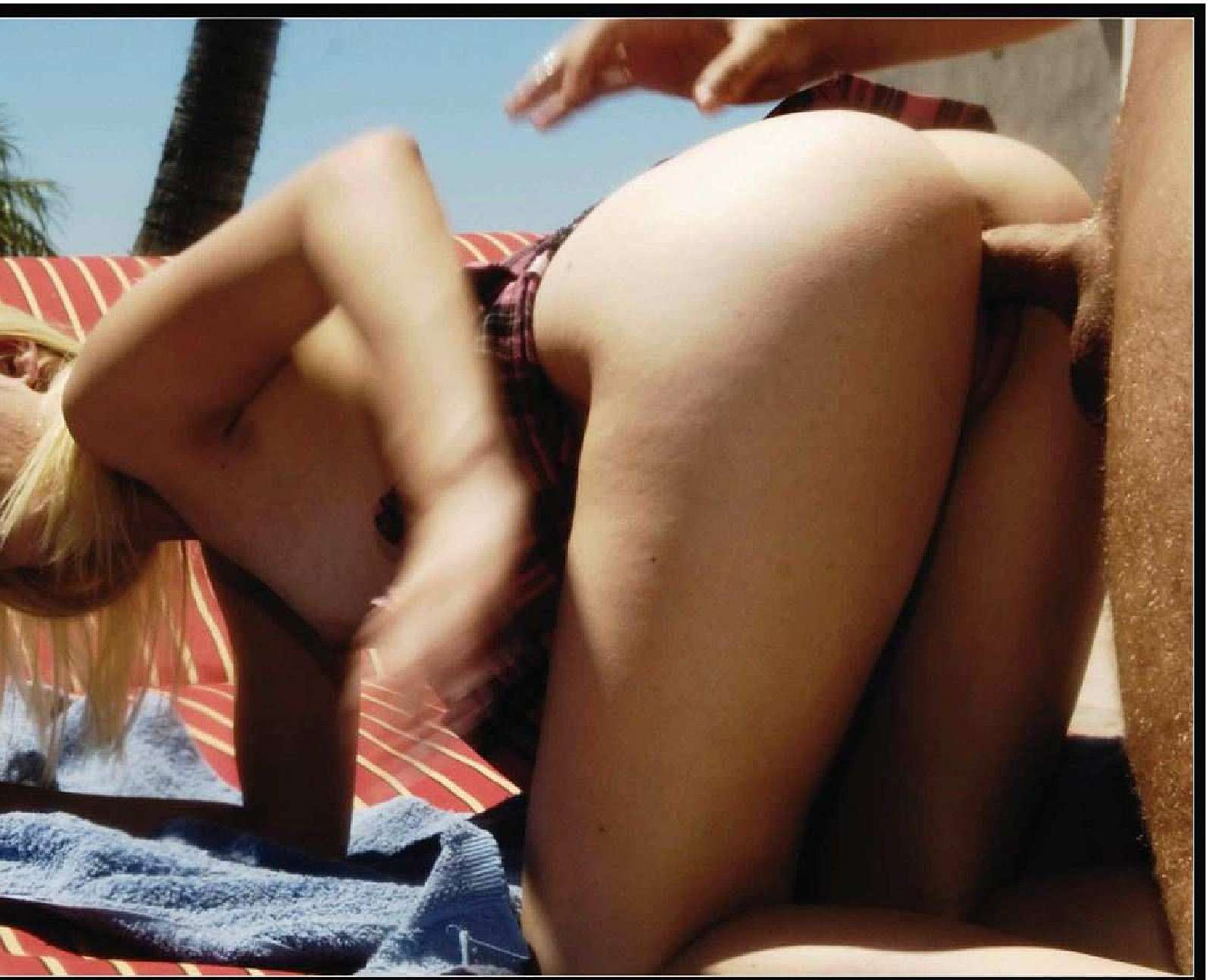


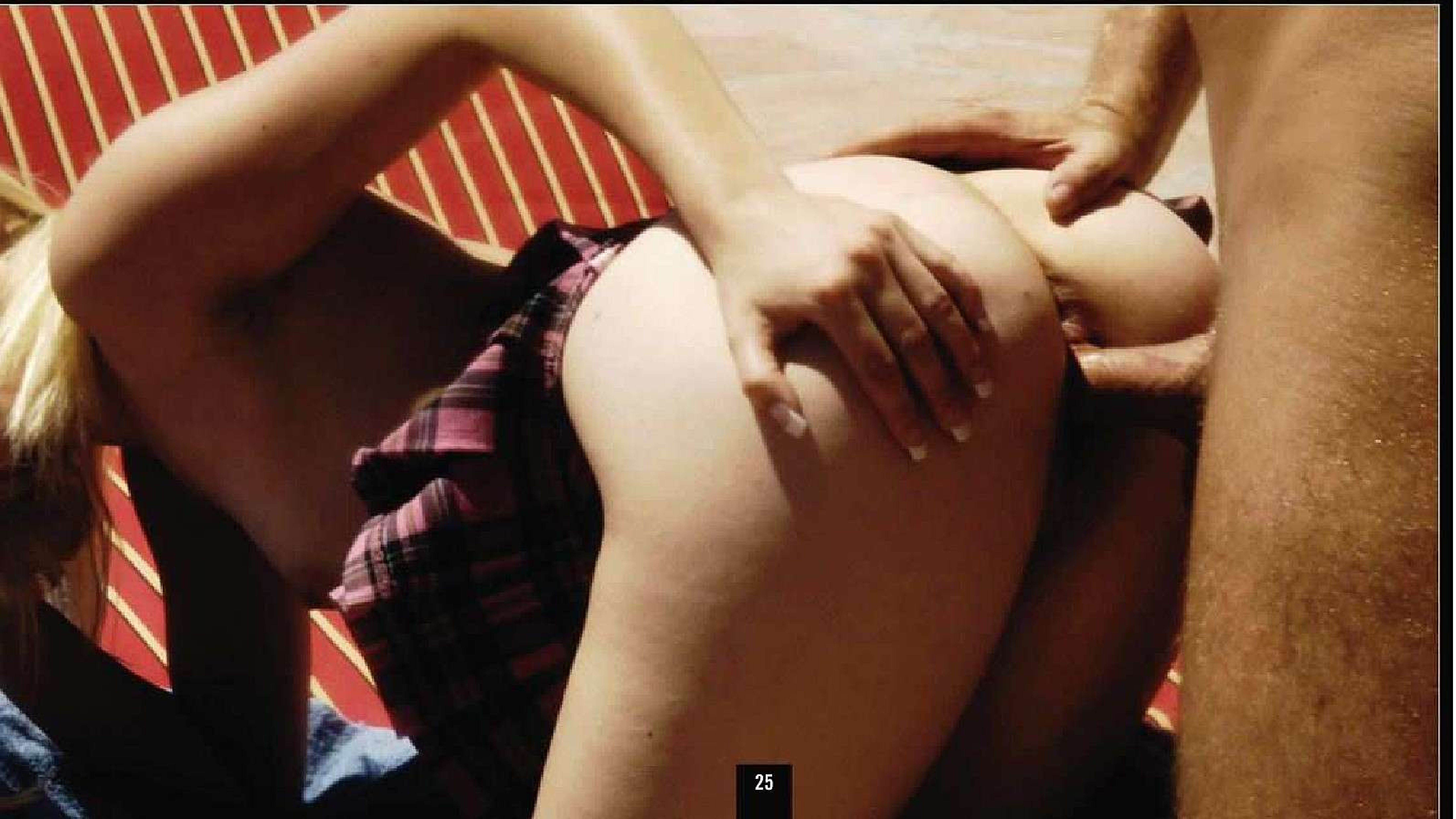
Her new toy was a smart man and he knew that if he wanted easy access to the slutty blonde, he'd have to make her scream. Grabbing her by the waist, he rammed into her aching fuck hole.





Jessica had wanted him for so long, she was a screaming, panting mess. Fucking him in public by her pool only made her pussy drip and ache more. Sweat covered her luscious boobs as she pulled on them so hard she thought her melons would bruise.





This hot blonde is anything but business-like when she's on her back. Work her as hard as you want till you explode in her mouth...
888-690-5425

Fan Fare

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THE MILF IN THE BIG GLASSES

Honey had moved in next door about a week before and the thing that I noticed second about her, was her big glasses. She went everywhere in ’em, great big sunglasses, massive things, and she event fuckin’ swam in ’em!

What was the first thing I noticed about her? Her big tits!

Honey’s around my age – I’m 38, tall, dark-haired, handsome (I think) and well-built. She’s short, fair hair piled up on her head like a fuckin’ beehive, and not what you’d call pretty. But she’s got those big tits, a cute-shaped butt and not bad legs. All in all, she was hot.

About a month after she’d moved in with her husband, and while he was away on a golfing trip to Georgia – he’d been bragging about how he’d been invited to play at Augusta – we invited Honey around for drinks, one evening when we had a few friends around.

I engaged her in conversation in the kitchen, while I was getting more ice from the ice-making machine. “Honey,” I said, when she walked in wearing this body-hugging shiny red satin dress, “every time I see you, you’re wearin’ them big glasses. I’ve even seen you swimmin’ in ‘em. Is there nothin’ you don’t do without them glasses?”

And she sipped on her drink – it looked like neat whiskey or bourbon – and smiled. “Jack,” she said, in a husky, fuck-me voice, “there’s only three things I don’t do in these darn glasses. If you can figure ’em out, I’ll give you a quickie.”

Well as far as I was concerned that was an invitation to give me a quickie whatever way I guessed, but I told her I’d think about it and see her later in the evening. She grinned, pressed her glass against my cheek and whispered: “Don’t be too long, I might get a better offer!”

About 30 minutes later, I was upstairs, and on the landing outside my bedroom, there was Honey. “OK, Jack, what’s the three things I don’t do wearing these things?” And she fingered her big glasses.

I pretended to ponder, but I already knew my answer. “One, you don’t sleep in ’em.” She nodded. “Two, you don’t shower in ’em.” She nodded again. And I put my hand on my bedroom door, and gave her a raunchy big grin. “And three, you don’t fuck in ’em.”

Honey reached out and placed her hand on mine. “Correct, Jack, now let’s make it quick, before your wife wonders where the fuck you are.”

I stepped inside our bedroom, and by the time I was facing her, Honey had hoiked her dress up over her hips and I was looking at a trimmed pubic bush, darker hair down there than on her head. I pulled down my zip and eased out my cock which was rising to the occasion. Honey stepped against

me, removed her glasses but kept a hold on them in one hand, and kissed me, placing her feet apart. As I kissed her, I slid the head of my erection against her mons, then down through her labia and then against her cunt. It was wet. Now, I was hard. I drove into her, feeling the tightness of her vagina dragging my foreskin back to the ring. I gave her a quick fuck, way too quick for me to cum, and she pulled back from my eager mouth and hissed: “Call me tomorrow morning, when Jane’s not anywhere near, we’ve got to fuck slower next time.”

And I pulled from her, she adjusted her dress to cover her pubes and butt and in seconds she’d left the bedroom. I got my cock back into my slacks – not easy, the darn thing was panting for more pussy! – and rejoined the party.

The next morning was easy. Jane decided she was going into town for a lunch date with girl friends and would I fix myself lunch, or whatever. As soon as she’d gone, I called Honey, who answered like she was sitting on top of the fuckin’ phone.

“I coming over,” I told her. “Don’t be wearin’ them glasses ’cos I wanna fuck you, only properly this time.”

I slipped into Honey’s place by the back garden, and entered in the kitchen. There was no sign of her, so I walked upstairs and found her lying on her back, her big puppies peaked and nipple hard, her pussy looking moist and inviting, and her big glasses on her bedside table.

I dropped my shorts, kicked off my boat shoes and flicked my T-shirt on my shorts on the floor. My cock was stiffening at the thought of fuckin’ her properly, and I climbed onto the bed, kissed her softly on her red lips – the red lips on her face – then traced my tongue down her throat, across her breasts, where I sucked her nipples urgently for a moment or two, and then down to her musky minge. She tasted great, and she was sopping wet.

Then I pushed my cock head against her outer cunt lips and like the previous night, her cunny accepted my stiff meat like it was made for my cock and my cock alone. I gave her a slow humping, and then Honey asked if I’d roll her over, so’s she could rub her titties all over my face. I obliged, and as I grabbed her great ass, she thrust her puppies at my mouth and I sucked on her nipps until she came hot and hard on my thrusting, sweating body.

Then it was time for me to get my rocks off. First I rolled her onto her back and let her suck my cock for a bit, before giving her a slow tit fuck. Finally, I pushed my meat back into her cunt and ground on her until I was ready to pump my hot jizz into her tightness.

We got a routine set up now, Honey and me. When Jane’s fucked off to golf, or lunch with her friends, I put up a pot plant on my study window ledge. If Honey sees it and she wants a fuck, she walks to her bedroom window without her big fuckin’ glasses on. If she’s still wearing ’em, I know she’s not ready for me yet. It seems to work out just fine!

-Jack Hammond

Savanah

Killer Curves

Marrying a model scout was definitely not the best idea Sierre ever had. When they had first met, he recruited her for an ad campaign, fucked her silly after the shoot and they were married three months later in Vegas. Their relationship was wild and always filled with sex, until Savanah put on some weight. Her now ex-husband was constantly surrounded by tiny, perfectly shaped girls eager to hump him for a better modeling job, so who could really blame him? Not only did her ex stray and fuck everything that moved, but he left Savanah once she became “too big.” She loved her curves and she knew how to use them, so all she knew was that it was his loss leaving her. But getting back on the dating scene wasn’t as fun or easy as she had hoped it would be. Guys at clubs were too young and stupid, while those at bars were often too old and boring. Lucky for Savanah, strutting around her yard in steamy lingerie, her giant tits popping out, really got her neighbor’s attention.

When she called him over, he ran so fast he could have broken his legs. Savanah met him naked, offering her tits to his mouth, hands and cock.

The slut was hot and she knew what she wanted. Getting in her favorite position, doggy style, she offered her pussy to her fucker's eager cock and moaned.

The curvy ex-wife was so hot and bothered, she begged her neighbor to molest her luscious bouncing tits and push his tasty cock in as far as he could. She liked her body being used and she wanted him to REALLY use her.

She wanted him to use her slit in every way imaginable and twisted into every position she could think of, never letting go of the cock that was happily jammed into her bootyliscious ass.

Let Savanah's squeezable/eatable/fuckable bouncing tits work their magic on you and she'll blow your mind...

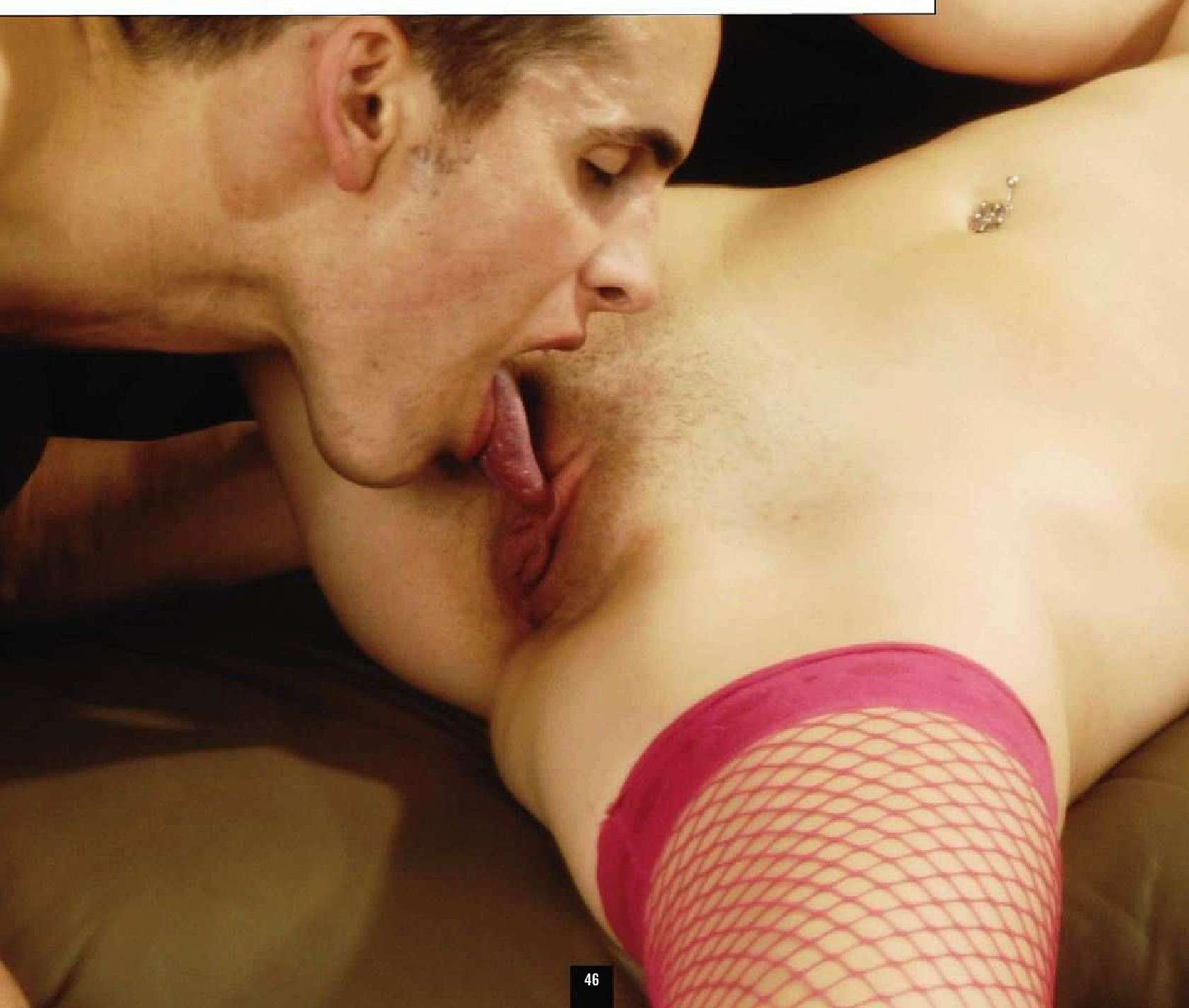
888-712-1661

Marissa

Pussy Work

Marissa had it all figured out, or so she thought. Her life was going according to plan: she was married to a rich man who was barely around and not only did she not have to work for money, she got to fuck around as much as she wanted because he was always staying late at the office or traveling out of the country. But the perfect sex-filled, worry-free life she imagined for herself was not meant to be. Getting sloppy with planning her fuck affairs, she invited her trainer from the gym over for some good ol' humping one night, forgetting her husband had told her he was coming home early. When he walked in and saw his slut wife fucking a man twice his size right on their bed, it was no real surprise he asked for a divorce on the spot. Seeing how she was left with no money and desperate to build a career quick, her trainer had an idea.

As Marissa soon found out, her trainer had quite the side job - he ran an escort service. She had the perfect tight little body to swing around a pole, but she was going to have to audition for the part. Her first duty? Deep throat the biggest cock she had ever seen.



The horny slut was used to fucking her trainer, but she felt pressure this time around. She needed the job and even as he lapped her, she worked her juicy pussy until she made him scream.

Wanting to take him in deeper, she changed to doggy style. She had never been filled so tight and she couldn't help but scream like a wild animal.

Marissa was moaning like a bitch. Her cunt was stretched to the max and her clit was about to explode.

Marissa wanted to impress the man pumping into her. She had never bucked so hard or screamed so loud. At the same time, she pushed her little erect nipples into her lover's mouth.

Not only does this slut know how to use her juicy holes, she swallows every drop. Do you want to try her?

888-770-2868

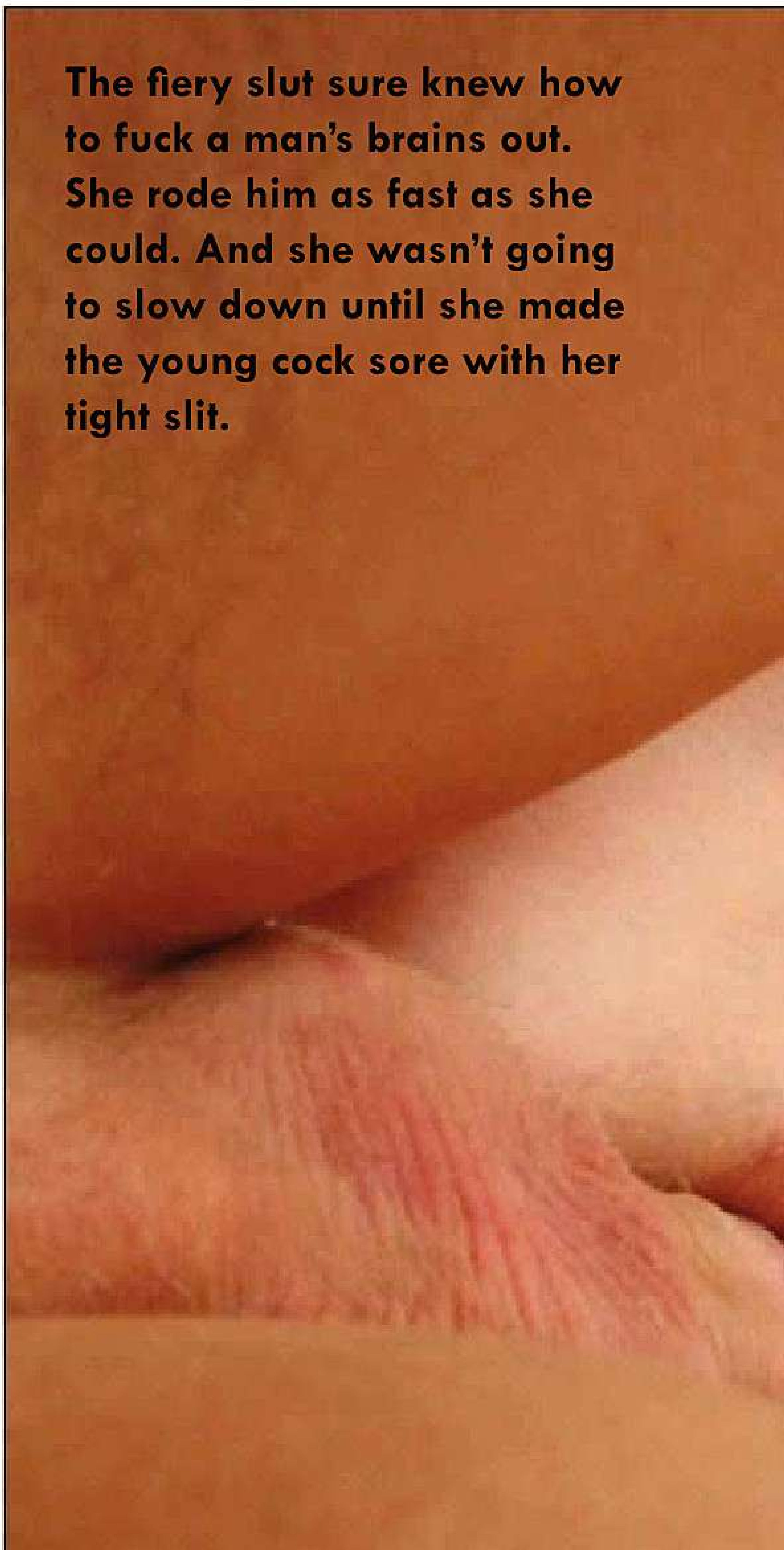
Stacy

Doing Exe's Friend

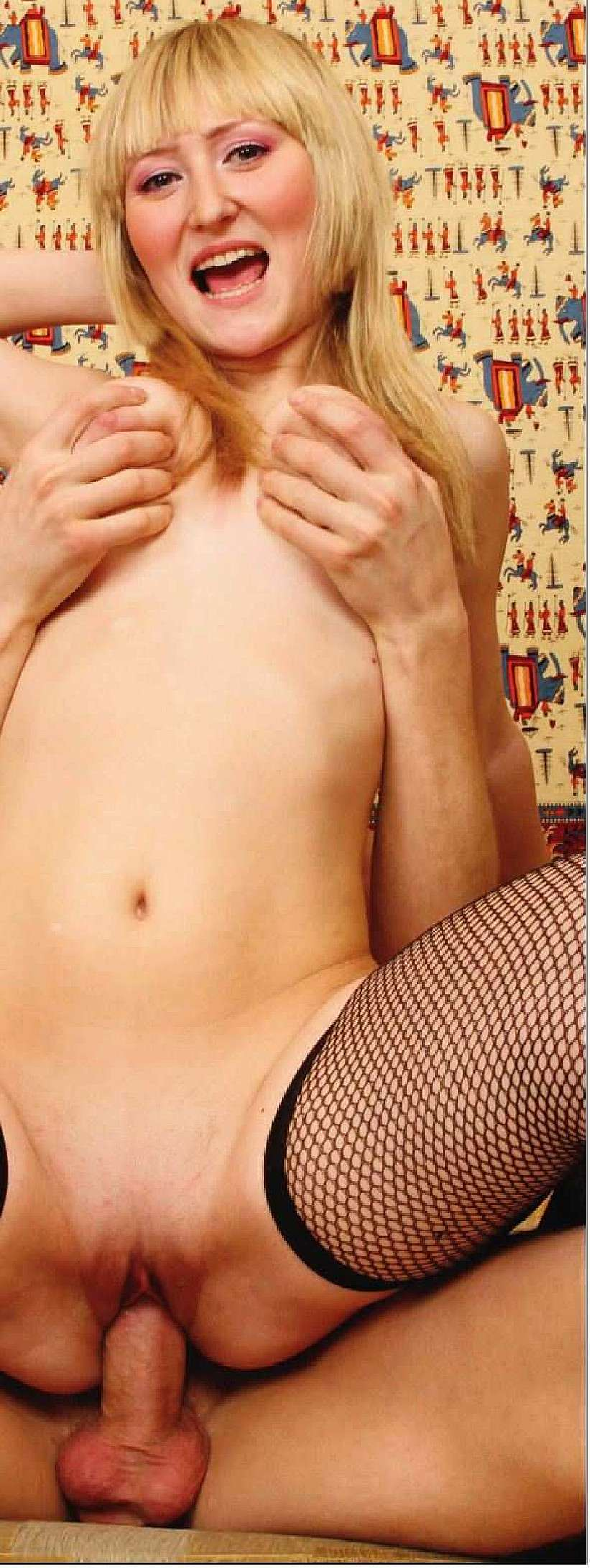
Nobody messed around with Stacy. Not her family, not her husband, not anyone. When he started coming home later and later every day and acting weird around her, Stacy knew something was up. When he refused her late-night attempts at sucking his cock and riding him until he fell asleep, she knew he had to be getting his share of pussy somewhere else. Confronting him, he admitted he wasn't going to stop fucking his eighteen-year-old secretary and Stacy could stay or go, he didn't care. Stacy wasn't about to be anyone's second best and she was ready to leave him, but not before she took care of one last piece of business. If he was going to go younger, so was she. But it couldn't just be anyone because someone random wouldn't make him pay attention. It had to be someone close to him who she knew had spent many nights masturbating to kinky thoughts of her. Her target? Soon to be ex-hubby's best friend..

There had been many times when she had seen him with lust in his eyes. She knew seducing him was going to be a joke, but she still wanted to start by giving him a show, then tasting his delicious dick.

The man was in shock - he was fucking his friend's wife. They weren't even divorced yet! Before he could think too much, the hot blonde grabbed his dong from her mouth and rammed it in her wet pussy.



The fiery slut sure knew how to fuck a man's brains out. She rode him as fast as she could. And she wasn't going to slow down until she made the young cock sore with her tight slit.



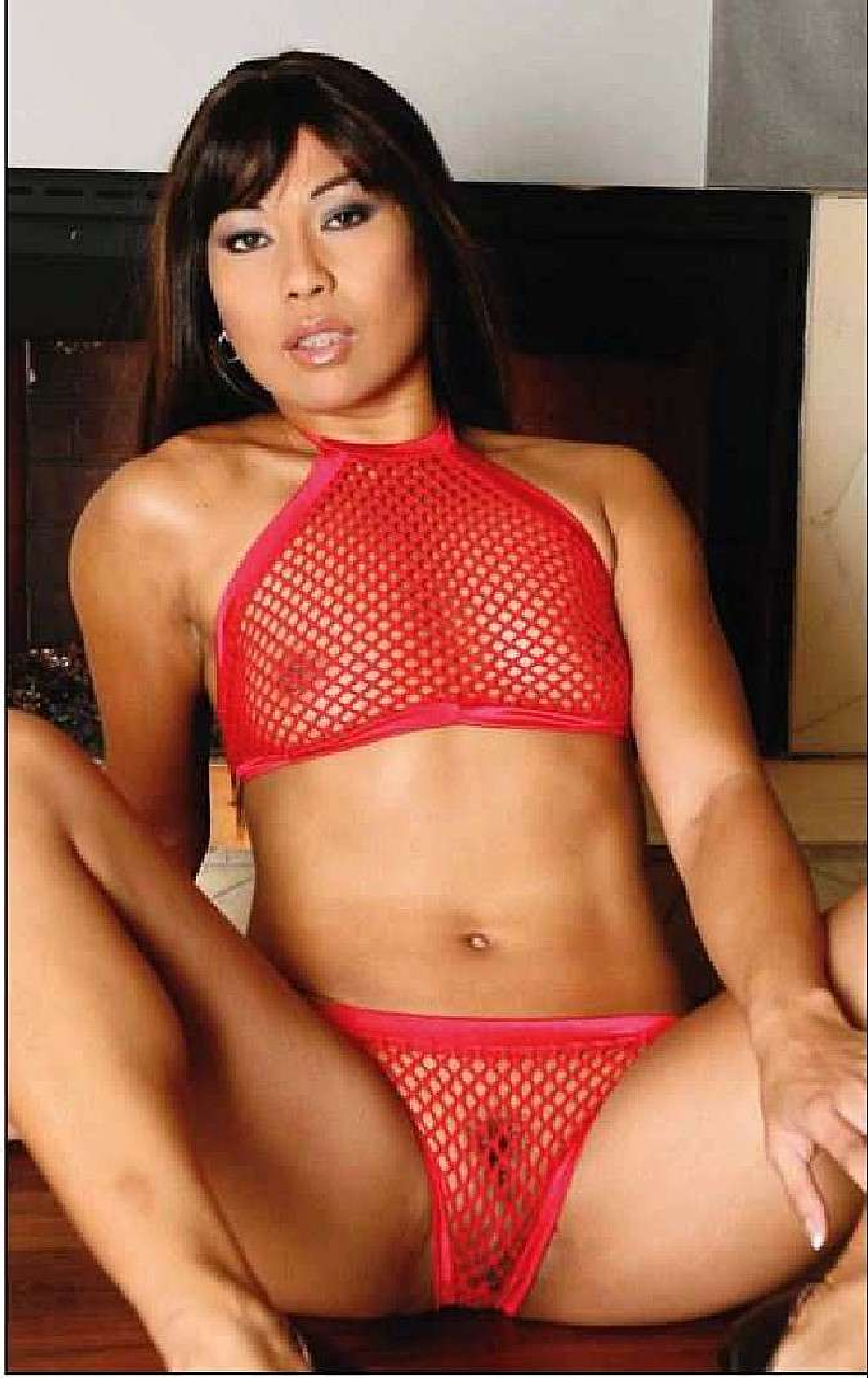
Twisting on his dick like a grade-A whore, her big tits flying around, she couldn't believe how hot revenge sex was making her. She was burning hot and as soon as he grabbed her stiff nipples, she exploded.

Begging him to cum inside her hot cunt, Stacy's appetite for new cock was awakened. Can you give her a helping dick?

888-826-5477

Makita

Lonely & Wet



Makita was used to being treated like a sex goddess, but lately, she was playing with a dildo more and more often. This was unacceptable, she deserved real rock-hard cock. The only problem was she had two young kids she couldn't leave alone for too long, and as soon as any man found out she was a mom, even if she was a major MILF, he usually got cold feet. She wanted someone she could go to in times of horny need, but who? When the first parent-teacher meeting of the year came around, all it took was one look at her son's prof and she was sopping wet. There was no ring on his finger so he was fair game. She wasted no time making her intentions clear and as soon as the parent-teacher night was over, he was sitting on her living room couch watching her strip out of her smoking hot slutwear.

She hadn't gotten laid in six months and every little touch made Makita scream. She was playing with rock-hard nipples and rubbing a buzzing clit before she even saw her new lover's cock.

The horny bitch dropped to her knees and sucked the dick in front of her like her entire life depended on it. All that built-up sexual frustration made her insatiable and her holes were on fire.

Makita needed it bad. She needed it hard, and she needed it fast. Her pussy was dripping and screaming to be filled and fucked well into the night.

Max was unstoppable and her new fuck was pretty sure a neighbor was going to call the cops at some point. Her screams of passion didn't stop for a second as she pumped her tight pussy like she was riding a bucking bronco.

The little fuck slut wanted her reward on her perky tits just so she could lick herself clean. Do you want to fill her hot pussy?

888-833-5878

Dominika & Paloma

Finding The Right Stud

Dominika's marriage had fallen to pieces for one reason and one reason only - she loved pussy. Normally, any man would be excited to find out that his woman liked playing with other women, but the problem here was that Dominika didn't want to have anything to do with dick. She wanted a full-time girlfriend and she knew exactly who it was going to be: the waitress from her restaurant, Paloma. She and Paloma had fucked each other in every way imaginable and when Dominika suggested a 'real' relationship, Paloma was over the moon and left her boyfriend immediately. What they didn't know then was just how much they would grow to miss cock. It had been too long since they had enjoyed the real deal and they needed to find a stud who was always around and easily accessible when needed.

As soon as she saw him, it hit her - the answer had been in her house all along. Dominika's daughter's boyfriend was the definition of fuckable and since he spent most of his time at her house, it wouldn't be too hard to steal him away for some fun every now and then.

Dominika had been right. The idea of two hot women - one MILF and one young slut - working on his cock at the same time, and the idea of twice as many holes to fill, drove the young fuck toy over the edge. He was hard in seconds.

Dominika loved eating pussy and being filled with a pumping dick while she licked and bit on her young lover's juicy cunt made her orgasm immediately.

Paloma couldn't stop pulling on her clit as her female lover sucked her sensitive nipples and her male lover pushed all the way into her pussy. Only the sounds of skin slapping on skin and the hot MILF hungrily sucking on young, bouncing tits filled the room.

GWADA

GWADA

The horny pussy lovers couldn't keep their hands off each other as they were sprayed with hot cum, making them even hornier. Will your cock be next?

888-848-7855

Fan Fare

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END OF YEAR MAN

It was the last week of December and the company where I work usually throws an end of year party during this time. Almost everyone was supposed to show for it, myself included, and taking a rain check on it was out of the question.

My name is Janet. I'm in my mid thirties, divorced and desperately trying not to let my loneliness present itself during this Christmas season, even though that is a hard thing to do. I'm a couple of inches shy of six feet, I've added some weight over the years – who wouldn't? – though I do exercise often and practice yoga enough to make sure my tummy and abs remain trim. My tits are sagging a bit, but they've still got a healthy bounce whenever I jump – at least that's the feeling I usually get whenever I'm out jogging – and my ass too is appropriate enough to catch a man's glance. However, that has been hard.

Up until a couple of months ago, I never fully realized how hard it was to find a suitable man in the city. I've tried various dating services, both the romantic ones as well as the downright dirty, I've subscribed to numerous online hook up sites and opened accounts on social networking sites. I've gotten several hits but so far have seen nothing that actually catches my fancy. I've upped my profile, but all I seem to attract are obnoxious strangers so now, I had to head off to my company's December party without the thought of getting laid before the year passed on.

I had to walk halfway up my block before I could find a taxi willing to take me; I gave him a good tip to get me to my company's building in record time. I figured that if I showed up early enough then perhaps I could sneak out afterwards without anyone being aware.

The taxi pulled up in front of the building fifteen minutes later and I couldn't have been any happier. I settled the fare and then went in past the revolving doors. The lobby still looked the same as any typical day, except Christmas lights hung here and there and a tree festooned with cards and decorative items stood by a corner of the room.

Several of my colleagues stood in front of the bank of elevators waiting for one to arrive. I came over and shook hands with them, exchanged some banter until the elevator arrived and then we all jumped in and rode up to the tenth floor where the main ballroom was situated, which was where the festivities were being held.

The elevator got us to the right floor and we all exited and stepped into the revelry that was ongoing in the large room. Truly everyone was in the mood for the Christmas season. Several even wore holiday costumes, looking rather silly as Santa Claus or wearing reindeer hats like they thought this was another Halloween party.

I got myself a drink and hovered about smiling at faces, shaking hands and flashing a smile that probably made people feel that I too was in the mood when really all I wanted was to get out of there. Already I was counting the time; I kept glancing at my watch every now and then like I couldn't wait for the hour hand to move along. Most especially, I couldn't wait for the moment when our boss would appear to give his typical end of year speech.

Unknown to me at the moment, I wasn't the only one having a bad time during this holiday season.

His name is Greg and he works a floor below mine. We were acquainted with each other though before that evening, I knew next to nothing about him; all of that changed when we bumped into each other in the middle of the room and I spilled a bit of my drink on his jacket.

"Oops! I'm so very sorry," I apologized while trying to brush my spilled scotch off his lapel. "It's alright," he said smiling. "Although you're going to have to pay for that."

"And what do you propose?"

He indicated his head towards the bar. "Yours is almost empty. Come have a drink with me and all will be forgiven."

He went in the direction of the bar and he ordered me another glass of scotch while he got himself a gin and tonic. We reintroduced ourselves and started making idle chatter; he really was a charming and pleasant fellow. He made me laugh so hard several times that it took me a lengthy while before I made to check the time on my watch. He watched me perform this act though didn't say anything for a while until after we'd found ourselves a quiet corner in the room and I was nursing my third scotch while he was having his second.

"You have some other place you want to be at?" he asked me.

"What makes you say that?"

"I noticed the way you were checking your watch. Looks like you're just as bored of being here as I am."

"No, I don't have any other place to be at. I'm just not in the Christmas spirit I guess."

I couldn't stop myself from confiding in him. Maybe it was because of the drink or the fact that he really looked like the sort of person who listens when someone else is talking and right at that moment, that was actually what I was dying to find - someone who would listen to my diatribe. All of a sudden, I realized I was having some form or likeness towards him. He was handsome - just the right sort of person to spend the holidays with. God knows I wasn't looking forward to entering another new year alone with myself.

I know I probably shouldn't have opened up to him the way I did, but like I said, I couldn't help myself. While I went on talking, a couple of our colleagues came to join us, so we excused ourselves and went up the stairs to one of the above offices.

How what happened between us actually started, I can't remember. All I do remember very well is the door closing behind us - I can't recall if it was I who turned the key in the lock of whether it was him - and then we came at each other. Our lips opened to receive each other's kiss and I held his face in my hands while I felt his running riot over my body. He carried me to the table in the office – we didn't turn on the lights, there was enough filtering in from the window behind me, which gazed down into the ballroom where

the party was still ongoing – fumbling over each other's clothes.

Greg pushed me to lay back on the table while he pulled my skirt up and tore off my knickers. My heart was doing leapfrog in my chest; I was so excited that I just about cried out when I felt his tongue connect with the flesh of my pussy. I could do nothing except surrender to him. My hands caressed his hair and I kept whispering for him not to stop. He licked through every tiny spot of my cunt and I just about exploded with a deep orgasm when I felt his lips give my clit a squeeze. He allowed me to get myself back. I lay there for a moment breathing heavily while he leaned over me, pushed my bra upwards and then planted his lips on my tits. Ohhh, it felt so lovely!

"Okay, alright," I muttered, pushing myself up from the table and then kneeling before him, my fingers fumbling for the zipper of his pants. "Now's my turn."

"If you say so," he said.

I reached in through his zipper and grasped his hardened cock and pulled it out straight into my mouth. I sucked his cock with just about the same vigour he'd used on me, and more. Just the feeling of his cock becoming harder emboldened me to suck him hard and good and from the sound of his gasps, I could tell I was doing a good job of it. I stroked his cock when I felt he was about to cum and though I knew I shouldn't have done it, I couldn't help letting all that good semen of his go to waste, so I planted my mouth on the head of his cock and went on sucking and jerking him at the same time till he blew his entire wad into the deepest part of my throat.

I wanted him right there and then and I didn't want anything else. He brought me to lean on the table, as I pushed up my skirt and spread my legs further for him to gain easy access. I grunted and grabbed hold of the table's edge when I felt his cock push its way into me.

In and out I felt his cock pushing into my tight pussy. So tight was I that it felt like all those days of me not being with a man had turned me back into a virgin. In time, his cock was sliding in and out of my cunt like warm butter. I let him pull my hair, and I couldn't stem down the sound of my moans, the way he slammed his cock hard and deep into me.

I don't know how long we were there – I didn't bother checking my watch, how could I ever have? – but in a way, I almost didn't want it to end. I so much loved the feel of his cock in me, the way it filled me up, that I was out of this world!

Greg grunted that he was about to cum, so I waited for the right moment and when he pulled out his cock, I turned and took him into my mouth once again. I sucked him hard and fast, felt his cock bulge before once again feeling his load of cum shoot into my mouth. I took my time to swallow everything - yummy!

We cleaned ourselves up and went back downstairs in time to listen to our boss give his speech. We stayed for a while before taking our leave…to his place.

- P. Oyok

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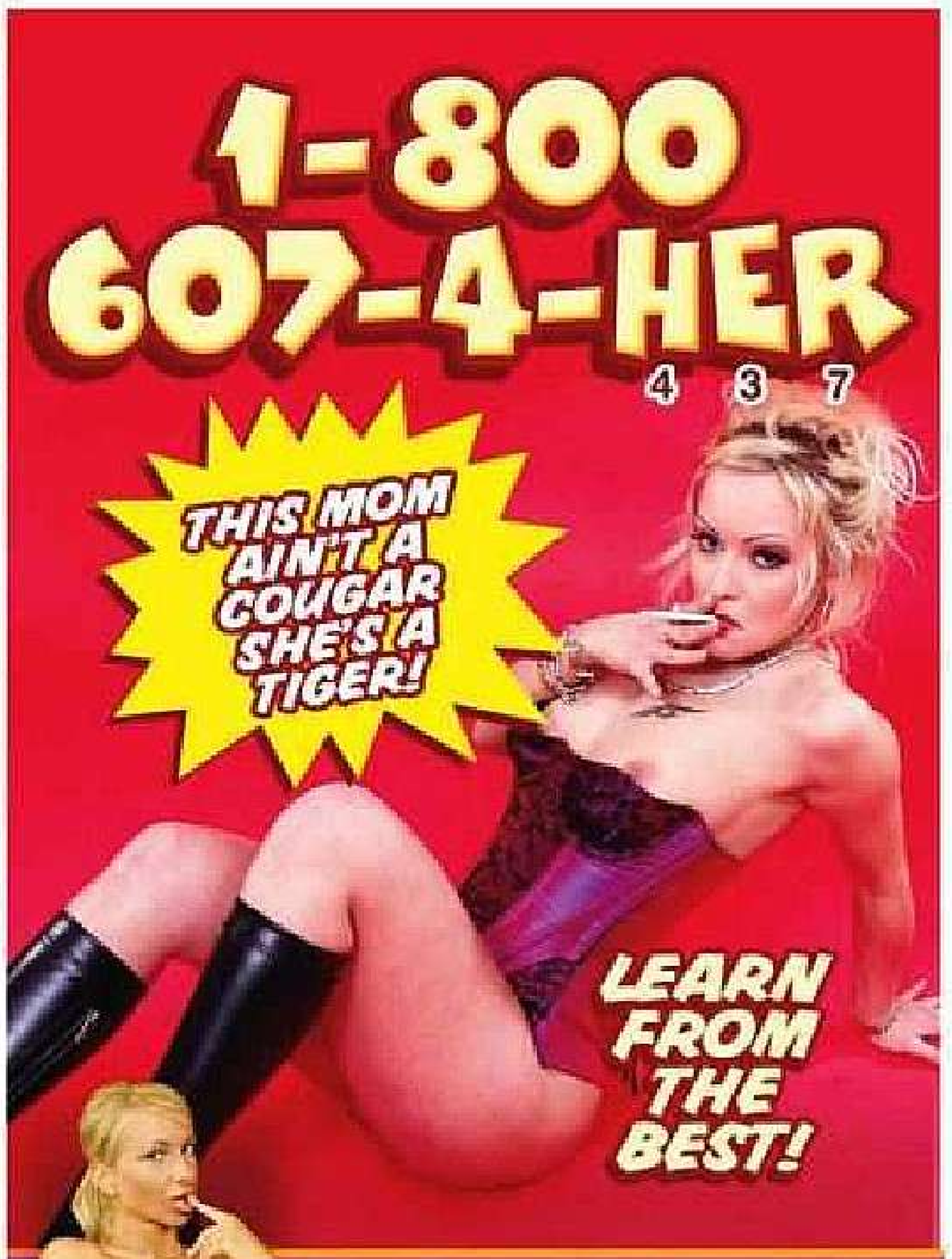

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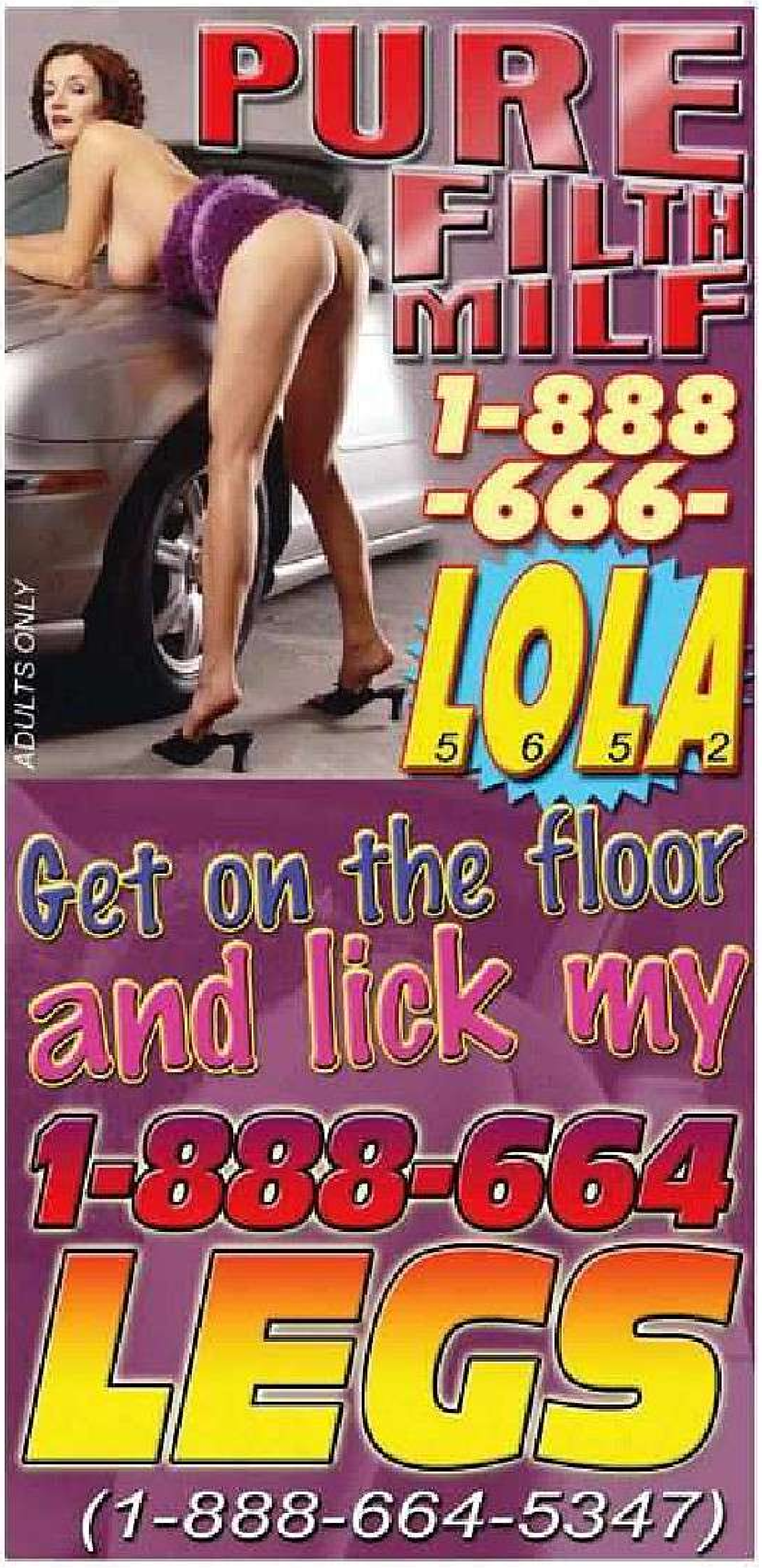
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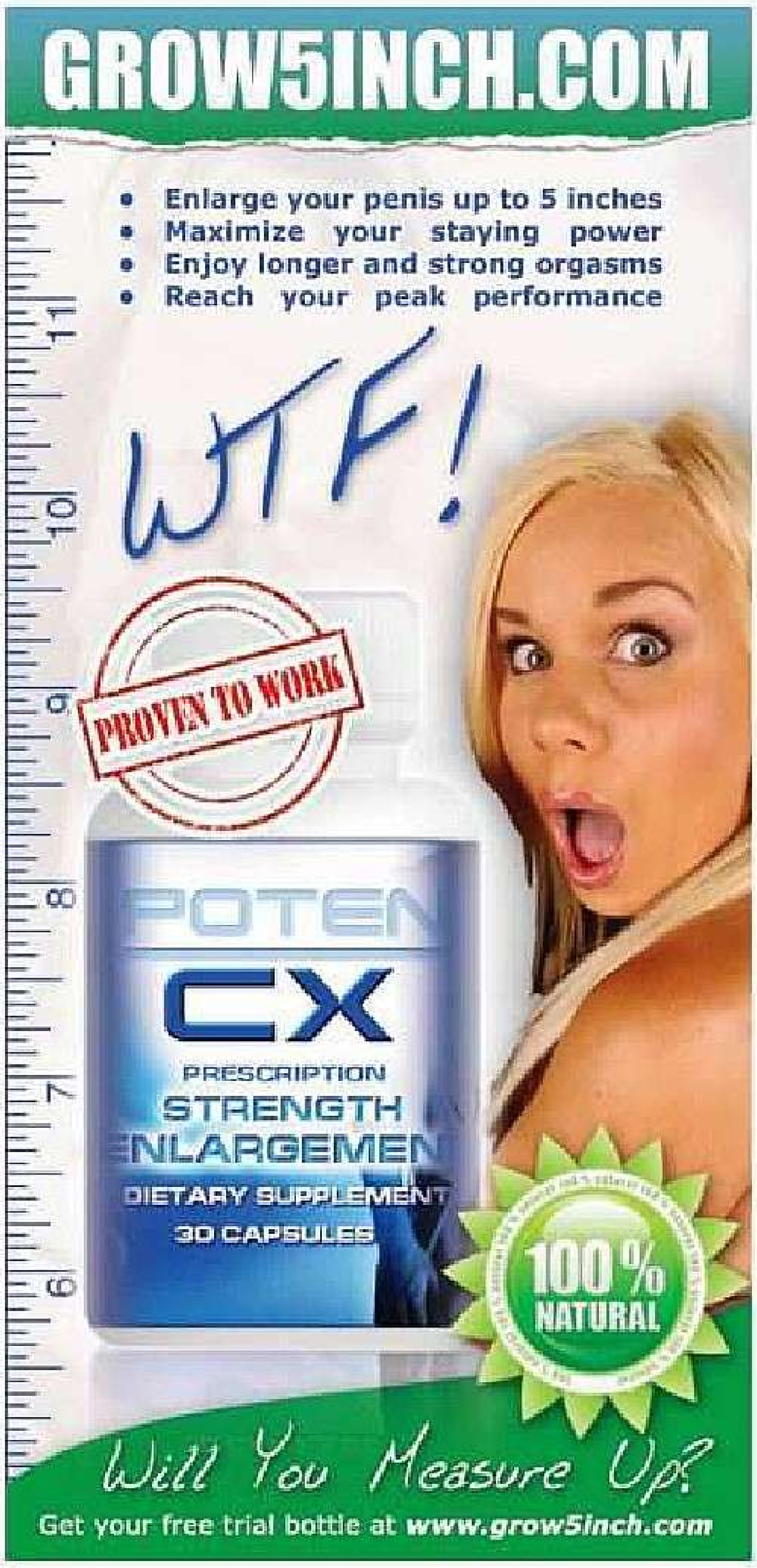
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